

Herefordshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park.

Twenty eighth December 1842.

My Dear Madam.

Let me thank you for your earnest and interesting letter; and may do not estimate the amount of pleasure I have had in it, by the length of my reply: which has reference only to the extent of my correspondence and the nature of my avocations.

You hardly give me credit, I think, for being as good a friend to Temperance as I really am. As to clearing myself my cheerful glass of wine because other men get drunk, I see no more reason for doing so, than I do for recognising no distinction between use and abuse in any other commodity, temporal or spiritual. I am a great friend to Temperance, and a great foe to abstinence. The more I think that abstinence is insisted upon now, the more clearly I can foresee, I think, that the next age will run riot in Drunkenness. For all history and experience warn us that of one violent extreme, its opposite has always sprung.

Besides which, there is an immense amount of ignorance and folly and false reasoning constantly broached by the abstinence disseminators. The position that Drunkenness is the cause of all other passions, is one of the most monstrous in the world. You will almost







invariably find that some other passion has been the cause of Drunkenness; and that that Vice is the coping on the top of most of the Devil's Eclipses - not the foundation stone, as your mole-crocks enquireis with Human Nature would have us believe.

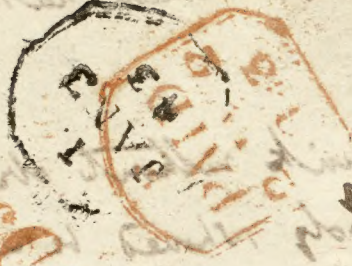
The man who cannot drink without drinking too much for his Soul and Body, should be urged to abstinence by all manner of means. But the man who can, should be left alone. If I walk among honest men with my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket I am guilty of throwing no temptation in their way, but if I do the like among thieves I am very culpable indeed.

with Stramer.

Mr. Childs

in York

White & Skates.



Ch. H. 11.15





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